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SQUARE.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?
The possible consequences from the dropping of an "L" motor from a track twenty feet above the street into a thoroughfare such as Sixth or Third Avenue are sufficiently grave to make it seem an appalling disaster. It was only by the greatest good fortune that when this accident occurred yesterday morning no more serious harm was done than inflicting a violent strain and some bruises on the engineer.

The point to be made on this accident is one quite independent of the results. Through some mistake a collision occurred which precipitated the motor twenty feet to the street. Let the culpability of that mistake be estimated, its responsibility placed and such measures taken as will mete out a retributive justice to the guilty person.

Too much care in the management of the "L" trains is impossible. Discourtesy and discomfort are to be expected on the "L," though intolerable and unjust. But that their persons shall be as carefully guarded from danger as possible is a right which the public should vigorously insist on from the "L" road.

TEN THOUSAND IDLE MEN!
To one who reflects what a vista of misery and evil is opened up by the above caption! Men who depend for their support and that of their wives and children on the wage for their daily toil, to be suddenly deprived of that toil! The man who has best right to find fault with the world is the honest, temperate, industrious workman who, without fault of his, is unable to find work to do.

The temptation to drink for such unfortunate is the first and strongest which can assail them. They are idle, dejected, and they drift into companionship with each other to air their woes. The cup of grog is the nearest and best comforter that offers itself, and they like it. Then greater misery to poor, patient wives and weak, suffering children.

To avoid some pecuniary loss or to wreak a vindictive spirit on others is not sufficient reason for a corporation to plunge thousands into such a gulf of misery.

LET THEM WORK.
Dr. TALMAGE was credited with having advanced a good idea in his Friday night discourse at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. He advocated putting the Indians to work. Nothing is more steady and conducive to peaceful, regular habits than occupation for the working hours of the day. This is especially true of the illiterate, at least theoretically, for such, in hours of idleness, turn to dissipation which feed sensual and not intellectual tastes.

To have big, hearty Indians sitting like sloths in their tepees day after day leaves them exposed to many temptations to evil which would be avoided if they engaged mind and body in healthful work.

The Government should help the Indians to engage in some such occupation, as far as possible. Ill-treating them through rascally agents, who misuse their trust and abuse the redskins, is the poorest policy the country could adopt in regard to them.

INITIAL VELOCITY.
Rapid Transit should receive an impetus this week at Albany that will give it an auspicious start. The initial velocity must be given in legislative assembly, but the movement must reach the streets of New York.

The first step is much, and it should be a powerful one. But in this highly important need it is the last step which counts. Enough will not have been done till the citizens of New York find themselves being actually transported with due celerity from one point to another.

There must be no flagging in the endeavor to accomplish this result. There can be no resting on the one, no hesitantly apathetic interest permitted. Rapid Transit is an imperative need, and we have a right to it. A proper spirit, then, on the part of the business community here will not be disconcerted at any remissions, but also a decided indignation over unnecessary delay in the matter.

Rapid Transit has been taken up, and it must not be laid down or interrupted till it is all that could be desired.

NICE COURTESY.
Mr. BOWELL, Minister of Customs at Ottawa, granted the request of an American fishing schooner to put into a Nova Scotia port for repairs with great willingness. He says he believes every concession short of an infringement of vested rights in the Dominion should be courteously conceded.

This is a sound and laudable view on Mr. BOWELL's part, and the prevalence of such sentiments would go far to relieve the strained relations occasioned by reason of fishery disputes and contentions.

Some giddy maidens flirted so outrageously in a Jersey City church that an indignant deacon took down their names, and the pastor "spoke right out in meeting" against the practice. The elders are right. Church is for religious exercise, and you know, dear girls, that flirting may be just as nice as can be, but it is not a religious exercise. No; that is one niceness that it lacks. You are skating on very thin ice, at best, when you laugh and squeeze hands with the wild young lads who wink at you and make

slang remarks, but there is an added fault when you do this in front of the pulpit. Dear girls, be good, be good.

CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY gave another proof of his versatility by mounting the lecture platform last night and telling an interested audience what he knew about "Contrasts." It was an eminently fitting theme for the most American citizen in this Republic.

Mr. DEWEY is as gracefully simple and courteous with the lowliest person with whom he has to deal as he is with the VANDERBILTS or the PRINCE OF WALES.

A Rio newspaper complains fearfully of the dreadful habit of expectorating which prevails in that city. This is one of the most depressing items which has come from the new Republic. Hawking and spitting is not aristocratic, but abstinence from it is such a necessary quality in every gentleman that it should never become a democratic usage even in a Republic.

MARK TWAIN heard a discourse delivered by the Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER on Mrs. LANGDON, MARK's deceased mother, at a distance of 450 miles away. This is a very creditable to modern science and modern filial piety. There have been people right under the pulpit who have not heard the preacher's sermon.

Dr. TANNER, who was a famous faster until Socrates' enduring stomach took the field against his weaker vessel, now seeks to refurbish his laurels by challenging the doughy Italian to a fast on water alone until one of them gives out. This might mean a war to the death. Socrates is to be heard from.

Just think of a consumption of oleomargarine amounting to nearly four and a half millions during the past year in the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island! Can this be that they love not butter less, but oleomargarine more?

It is now denied that ANNIE OAKLEY is dead. The fair champion of the rifle is declared to be alive, well and enjoying her obituary notices immensely. If this is true, Death has missed his shining mark for once, and it is well so.

It is given out that Senator FARNETT is to abandon New York and take to California. Well, he has seen his golden hopes decay in the ungrateful State. Let him find what comfort he can in the Golden Gates of the West.

A cousin of the late distinguished RICH BURNHAMS has been appointed on the Macon police force. This cousin, too, is a great man in his way. He stands 6 feet 8 1/2 inches in his stockings.

The Senatorial canvass in Pennsylvania is stormy, but QUAY and CAMERON have apparently looked carefully to the ballistics of their ship.

SPOTLETS.
After "Diana of Solange" it is hoped that Director Stanton will not "put up his ducks" again at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Let us trust that a low temperature may not come this winter to be not only low, but vulgar.

When a man has to rock the baby's cradle it is a sort of "rock and cry" business with him.

A tarred and feathered man found the tar so hot that he begged them to take a lower pitch.

A Weather Bureau clerk proposed to his sweetheart to "put up his ducks" again at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is so, by Jove, said the girl.

The boy on the pier when he was pursued by a copper said he would not be taken, but he did.

Dyspepsia is a bad thing for the cost of the stomach.

Champane at \$4 a quart resulted in no quarrel.

"Men and Women" at one of our theatres may not last, but they stay just the same.

A wife-reader should not be regarded as a beverage because he is a strong liker.

WORLDINGS.
Mrs. KIDSON, the inventor's wife, is twenty-five years old. She is of medium build and has a plump figure. Her complexion is olive, her mouth firm and her eyes are a shade darker than her hair, which is brown, abundant and wavy.

The richest man in Providence is Henry Knapp, the great gunmaker. He pays a tax of \$45,000 on an estimated income of a million dollars and a half.

One of the new additions to the police force of Macon, Ga., is a cousin of Rube Burrows, the Jesse James of the South. He is 6 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and large in proportion.

The fortune of the richest Californian, Roland Stanford, is estimated now at \$50,000,000. He is a native of New York and was a lawyer in a Wisconsin village before he went West in 1850 with the great Argonauts.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, is a short, slight man, with a long face, gray hair and gray beard. In public he has an appearance of settled melancholy.

The Best Wren Without.
"Oh, Lou!" exclaimed a fair young girl, to an acquaintance, "I got such lovely things at Christmas. What did you get your stocking?"

"Nothing," replied the other girl, dolefully. "Oh, dear! How was that?"

"Why, a girl from Chicago was stopping at our house, and Santa Claus struck her stocking first."

Base Ingratitude.
Widower-Doctor, your bill is something fearful. After you have doctored my wife to death you expect me to pay you an enormous bill.

Doctor-That's just what I expected you to say. Such a thing as gratitude no longer exists in this world.

A Little Misunderstanding.
"This American practice of tipping is something frightful. Servants no longer seem to be content with small sums."

"How is that, your lordship?"

"A waiter at breakfast this morning actually asked me for my check."

So It Is.
"From the Cook and the Farmer."
Gum-Don't you find it trouble some, Charles, to dress three times a day?

Charles-Not at all, dear boy. I'm used to it. Yes, just not just but it must be a thing of necessity.

They Come High.
"From the Cook and the Farmer."
GUM-Don't you find it trouble some, Charles, to dress three times a day?

Charles-Not at all, dear boy. I'm used to it. Yes, just not just but it must be a thing of necessity.

So It Is.
"From the Cook and the Farmer."
GUM-Don't you find it trouble some, Charles, to dress three times a day?

Charles-Not at all, dear boy. I'm used to it. Yes, just not just but it must be a thing of necessity.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Pretty Bodice-How to Avoid Colds - Old Lace on Modern Dresses - Jaguar Skin for Trimming - Advice to Young Mothers.

A pretty and fanciful bodice is made of dark velvet, right round the arms, but full over the bust, gathered round the shoulders and round the widely opened neck, where the heading is lined with a padding of white or tinted lace. A Swiss felt of silk is worn with it, and the sleeves consist of a staple puff, opened at the back of the arm and caught together at the shoulder and elbow with jeweled buttons.

shredded on top and mixed with potato and a little butter, served on a hot plate; potato mixed with gravy, or a little piece of sweetbread or breast of chicken shredded fine; or the yolk of an egg with bread and butter. For young children potatoes should be boiled or baked in their skins till quite soft. A second course for dinner is a spoonful of milk pudding or a glass of grape juice. At 5 o'clock give milk pudding, farofa, hominy or bread and milk, and at 9 prepared food, or milk diluted with barley water if constipated. When thirsty give her a drink of fresh water, and let her have plenty of milk.

Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is a little woman who has not a masculine trait about her. It is forty years since she began the life-work which has made her famous, but time has dealt kindly with her. Her round face beams with a constant smile, and her eyes and hair sparkle with good humor. Her brown hair is brushed smoothly back from her broad forehead and a black silk net holds it in place. She is usually attired in a neat costume of black silk and velvet, and wears a wide lace scarf about her throat.

Plain net veils are now the rage, their only ornament consisting of a richly worked border. This will be welcome news to many whose eyes have been sorely tried by the spotted arrangements we have so long worn. Nothing is more irritating than to have those small dots dancing before one's eyes and obscuring one's vision, and it is not at all surprising that the doctors have been loud in their condemnation of these veils. Becoming they certainly were, but not more so, perhaps, than the absolutely clear nets we are now adopting. The healthy colored veils were used to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun, but they have done more harm than good. Many women, who were once healthy, have become nervous and delicate through their use, and fashion evidently devalues our susceptibilities sometimes, else we should never have gone about in public like tattooed ladies.

"BEAU M'ALLISTER."
As He Appears from the English Point of View.

His work shows that he is of that true dandy race who are born with the manner and the air, says the London News, and who call to one another through the ages, as deep might call unto deep.

We doubt if any such man has appeared since Beau Brummel, or, at any rate, since Harry Audley, who but the other day finished his noble career. There is a placid and self-contained exuberance in such natures which passes the pride of kings. Kings they are by a divine right, and the author of "Beau M'Allister" has taken the peer of the best of them. In spite of the accident of his birth under the Stars and Stripes.

His chapter on fashions in stationery is said to be the most complete thing in our language and of our time. His theory of the bordering of mourning cards is a very accurate one. He teaches us so finely, because he is not ashamed to learn. There is something beautiful in the way in which he owns his obligations to a British dandy who gave him the law about the tails of a dress coat.

You must never be able to see them yourself," said the British dandy, meaning that they ought to elude all attempts to discover them by a glance over one's shoulder.

Here, evidently, we touch a principle, and we feel that the British dandy is right. It is the law of gravitation of the tail coat. There is a sense of loneliness, of course, in this conception of a fellow creature, but that has never been the object of the dandy. The loneliness is in the dandy nature. One other thing of deepest import was said by the teacher from the "world's end."

I can tell a man from the provinces simply by his hat.

A man never man than our author would have tried to tell the difference between a dandy and a provincial. But Ward M'Allister is not of that stamp. He has so much to say on his own account that he can afford to give his hat to the provinces. He is one of the few functions, a "launcher" of pretty girls, and wealthy parents themselves often get moved off the stocks into the sea of fashion by clinging to a daughter whom Beau M'Allister has shown how to lead the way. But this subject is too vast for the face end of an essay, and we must reluctantly leave it, with the hope of returning to it another day. It will always be timely, for writings such as these can never die.

Love's Young Dream.
"From Harper's Bazar."
"Wouldn't it be nice, Henry dear?" she whispered, as the sleigh started off, and she drew the robe up. "If we could always go through life together like this!"

"Yes," he answered; "the coal bill would be little enough; but, great Aunt Alice," he continued, after a little thought, "think of the ivory bill!"

Consolation.
"From the Epoch."
"By Jove! I've spent that \$5 gold piece for a cent!"

"How little it is!"

"Oh, well, it's not so bad. I got the cent's worth out of it - which is more, than I would have got if I hadn't spent it. My wife takes all my gold."

Health Note.
"From Texas Stripes."
A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing a number of boys with their pants rolled up walking about in the cold water with their bare legs, said: "You are out of that water, boys, or you will get a fearful cold."

Little Tommy-I guess not. We don't cough with our legs, do we?

A Fact.
"From the Epoch."
First Theatrical Manager-Speak some more money on costumes and too little on the actors.

Second Theatrical Manager-When, as a matter of fact, if they don't spend a lot of money on costumes, they'd always have packed houses.

Explicit.
"From the Epoch."
Exasperated Irish peer-owner to organ-grinder-What'll you take to clear out?

Organ-grinder (coolly)-I take no time.

Protection.
"From Harper's Bazar."
First Matron-What safeguard against burglary have you in your house?

Second Matron-All our things are imitation.

Diagrams and drawings are omitted from this column.

WOMEN TRAVELLERS.

Nell Nelson Tells of the "Casuals" and "Cosmopolitans."

A Big Difference Between Those Who Know How to Travel and Those Who Do Not.

Points on How to Take Most Comfort in a Railway Train.

Women travellers may be divided into two classes-the casuals and the cosmopolitans. There are no tyros any more, suburban traffic and rapid transit companies familiarizing the multitude with railroad customs.

Let a student of womankind board a train out for a run of at least five hours, and with half an eye he can classify the passengers.

How?
By looking at the heads of the dear creatures.

Most of them will be bare and, I was going to say, empty. They belong to the casuals. A few, the very few, the cosmopolitans, will have their bonnets on, and keep them on, whether they go to Philadelphia or San Francisco.

Ask any intelligent conductor or porter to select "the good travellers," and they distinguish them, from the fussy, fretful, impatient tourists, and invariably the ladies with their bonnets on will be assigned to that collection.

It is ignorance and not economy that prompts a girl to pull her hat and cloak off and remove her gloves as soon as the train leaves the depot.

She does not know that the atmosphere is filled with smoke, cinders and travel dust, that she is saving her clothing at the expense of health, comfort and cleanliness, and exposing herself to draughts every time the doors are opened.

Her idea is to keep her gloves and hat nice for the end of the trip and to make herself perfectly at home in the rolling house. She does spare her gloves the least of travel-stub, but dust lodges in the trimmings of her hat, whether it is on the hook or the seat, her hair becomes gray with a mixture of iron and coal dust, her head is literally "filled with dirt," the smoke and flying particles of matter clogs the pores of her skin, making her complexion ashy or black, her lips crack, her hands get rough, her finger nails grime, and by the time she has travelled 300 miles she has the appearance and taste of a female blacksmith.

Of course she goes to the toilet room and gives herself what she terms a good wash, and combing, the very worst thing she could possibly do to her youth and beauty.

In the first place the water is hard, and generally cold; the soap is lathered on top of the dust and grime; there is neither time nor gravity to remove the one or the other, and so it is dried on and left there for the rest of the journey.

The prim, quiet, easy-going cosmopolitan knows all this. Perhaps she learned it from past experience; but there she sits in her section with her hat on, a veil protecting her face, neck and hair from the shower of pulverized cinders, an ulcer saving her dress and gloves her hands.

Without making any effort to be at home she conveys by her easy and graceful demeanor the impression that she is perfectly comfortable and in rapport with the beauties of the changing landscape.

Follow the movements of this woman of the world and the critic of the rail will learn something of the methods she employs to look nice and save herself.

If the train is not a vestibule her good sense will tell her to beware of draughts, for a cold is an ugly thing to handle on a steam car.

Locked up in every section of the sleeper are blankets, and if the train stops often she will most likely protect herself from exposure when the doors open by improvising a lap robe.

If the "chill breath" is felt from the window, a pillow will give the needed protection to her neck and shoulders. No effort is made to read on a train going thirty miles an hour by any sane person.

If any amendment is made to her toilet during the day she has recourse to a vial of diluted glycerine or a jar of cold cream. She is too kind to her face to allow drawing to suffocation.

Her plan of operation is to wipe off all the dust she can, and instead of hardening the skin by a cold plunge, she soothes and smooths it with the oil.

She doesn't comb her hair any more than is absolutely necessary to neatness, for the reason that there is a ventilating spout in the average dressing room that admits quite as much cinders as fresh air.

Another provision made by the citizenship of the world is a woollen gown, in which she sleeps. This is not only a comfort in cold weather, but in case of accident she will be moderately presentable.

Aside from her personal provision she utilizes the attendants, and by the judicious use of small fees secures an enviable amount of attention.

With a single dollar reduced to dimes she can go from Jersey City to California, and literally own the porter. She may want to send telegrams, to get newspapers or time-tables; she will want a blanket if it gets cold, a pillow for a nap, and without doubt she will want to be brushed, to have her shoes polished or her rubbers cleaned.

Then there are the glasses of water to be brought, the lunches and bags to be handed down or hung up-and when all these services can be had, rendered with willingness and grace, who would not gladly pay for them?

Another characteristic of the cosmopolitan crossing the country is her exclusiveness.

She is never approached. Her reserve is a barrier to intruders. In a quiet, gentle way she is oblivious to the presence of her fellow-travellers. While she would grant favor with alacrity, her rights of the person who may be in the same section, or politely reply to a question, she will never ask one. The conductors and porters are

THE CLEANER.

The lack of understanding in people is never more apparent to one than in reading or answers to advertisements. I put in an "ad." the other day for a fat, stating that the location must be south of Thirty-fourth street, north of Twenty-third and between Lexington and Sixth avenues. One humorist replied that he had a lovely fat that would just suit me on Fifth Avenue near Eighth avenue. Another suggested that the lower half of a house in East Eighty-first street was what I wanted. Another announced that he would remove a trunk with premises and dispatch at 25 cents a trunk, but in all the answers not one complied with the conditions in the advertisement.

Skates seem to be doing well on the market. When I took falls on the ice a dozen years ago and when club-skates were coming into fashion they used to sell them anywhere from \$5 to \$15 a pair. Now I notice that the same skates may be bought for 50 cents a pair. Of course they cost a good deal more than that to make, but we have had so little skating in past years that the supply has accumulated, and the one dealer of the dealer seems to be to clear out his stock.

We are continually hearing rumors about boats and stores of apocryphal provenance, and certain convictions. Our experience ought to show us that as time goes on the chances of any more of 1894's Board being convicted grow visibly less. I am willing to predict that none of these famous (?) gentlemen will ever get any further punishment than they have had.

The Fellowship is perhaps the only club in New York whose restaurant is conducted on a paying basis. The experiment of running its own cuisine which has been on trial for the past two months shows that the farming out of the restaurant in a club, while it is a good thing, really takes a good deal of money from its coffers.

While in Boston the other day I ran across Mayor Grant, who looked very well, but would not tell me who he was. He admitted, however, that he was on city business, but what that city business might be is for the future to say.

Going up on an Elevated train last evening I met Tom Murray, and in that twenty minutes ride learned more about the art of cookery than I knew existed. Murray is a cheerful man, and was he banished to the wilds of Africa would win over the natives by giving them points on pickaninny stew.

I hear that Tony Hamilton will soon cheer Mount Hope with his presence. He has purchased a pretty house and plot of ground up there, and will take his family thither to live. Mount Hope should rejoice, for there is not a more companionable man than Hamilton in all of New York's counties.

What is more beautiful than the action of rapid transit, and what is further than it from New York? It is the thing "our earliest dreams have dwelt upon," but year after year hurries by and still we have no improvement in this direction. Standing on the front platform of an Elevated train in freezing weather, compressed on all sides by other unfortunate, one is apt to liken the rapid transit commission to a mockery and become firmly impressed that the longest suffering people are the citizens of New York.

Steve Brodie writes me this morning that he is just leaving for New Orleans to carry to Jack Dempsey a bar of Irish turf that Brodie brought from Kildare. Dempsey was born in Ireland, and the bridge-jumper seems to think that the bar of turf will be a mascot to him in his coming fight with Fitzsimmons.

Clay Chamberlain is becoming quite an orator and also speaks well on subjects that are not political. Yesterday he was before the Newark Men's Evangelical Committee of Business. His topic was individual responsibility, which he treated very cleverly.

I could not help noticing at Mr. Dewey's lecture for the Press Club last night that the audience was a more intellectual-looking body than I have ever seen in a theatre. Mr. Dewey talked well. His analysis of the Irish question was clear and comprehensive, and the plot of the drama of the impression of the "Patriot" was vivid enough to almost make his hearers think that they saw it before them.

HE WAS TOO HONEST.
Why a Man Could Not Get His Life Insured.

A Detroit life insurance agent recently received a letter from a man in the interior of the State who said he was thinking of taking out a policy, and he asked that a blank be forwarded him, says the Free Press. It was returned yesterday, and the following is a specimen of the man's honesty:

"What did your father die of?"
"Consumption."
"Your mother?"
"The same."
"Ever have heart trouble?"
"Yes, very bad."
"Lost any brothers or sisters by death, and if so, how?"
"Lost five of them, and all died of consumption and heart disease."
"Do you ever spit blood?"
"Yes, a good deal."
"Ever had any serious accident?"
"Yes. Had nearly all my bones broken two or three times."
"Memory good?"
"No."
"Sleep well?"
"No."
"How's your appetite?"
"Very poor."

Several other important questions were answered after the same candid fashion, and the agent who had written him that there is no life insurance for so truthful a man.

Completely Exonerated.
"From Texas Stripes."
Mrs. Petherly-What were you and your cousin Frank talking about on the stairs?

Fanny-Just think of it. He grabbed me by the wrist, as I could not get away, and tried to kiss me on my cheek.

"I hope you did not permit him."

"Why, what? What better opinion of me than that?"

"Well, what did you do to prevent him kissing you on the cheek?"

"Held up my mouth."

Many Men Many Minds.
"From Texas Stripes."
First Flat-I would murder Second Flat for smoking that villainous pipe were it not that he belongs so respectably.

Third Flat-I could have sworn that Second Flat for smoking that villainous pipe were it not that he belongs so respectably.

Fourth Flat-I would have sworn that Second Flat for smoking that villainous pipe were it not that he belongs so respectably.

Envious Blotches.
"From the Epoch."
Blotches-Yes, I smoke at home a good deal. My wife don't mind it. Does yours object to the habit?

Blotches-Well, she doesn't like it. When she lights a cigarette she writes him that Blotches-I wish I had a wife like that.

Out of Their Experience.
"From Texas Stripes."
"How is it that humorists write such a lot of stuff about poor boarding-house and general financial wretchedness?"

"Oh, the wretched have to suppose, they write of the things they know most about."

No Chance for Complaint.
"From the Epoch."
Tax Payer (whispering)-I can't afford to buy sufficient underclothing at McKibbin's prices and I'm all in a chill.

Great Statesman-Got a chill, eh? Well, there's no duty on quinine.

POISONOUS SAWDUST.

Fine Salmon Killed by It in the Columbia River.

It has been proved without a doubt that the promiscuous dumping of sawdust into the river is very detrimental to the salmon, says the Tacoma News.

Salmon, after leaving the ocean to spawn, never eat anything but the food they find. On opening their mouths to them it is found that they have nothing in their stomachs or intestines.

Nature has provided for the abnormal abundance from food by storing them the extra amount of fat as a reserve to draw upon, which is consumed while on their way to the spawning grounds.

It is believed that the fish have been killed by sawdust. It is found that the fine particles of wood that have been swallowed in the water lodge in the gullet and abdominal cavities and clog them up, instantly killing the fish.

The greater percentage of fat found in Columbia River fish over those of any other river is accounted for by the fact that the much longer distance the fish have to travel over those of salmon on other rivers, before reaching the spawning grounds, makes it necessary for them to have a very necessary requisite in the life of fish.

A Risky Proceeding.